

THE ARIEL

A LITERARY GAZETTE.



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SHORT STORIES.

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

Old Ludovic Harts always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration: and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a Turkish saddle, old, and deeply stained with blood; yet, to the brave Ludovic, it recalled a tale of other days, when young, ardent, and enthusiastic, he first drew his sword in defence of his country against its enemies.

He had been opposed in battle against the hostile invaders of his native Hungary, and many an unbelieving dog had his good sword smitten to the earth. Various had been the fortunes of the war, and too often was the glory of the holy cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant crescent. Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave Hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was in one of these fierce combats that, suddenly cut off from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks. "But the recollection of you and your angel mother," would Ludovic say to his daughter, "nerved my arms. I was assailed by all my opponents. How three fell, I know not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes, whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow and my child fatherless, and these dreadful thoughts infused fresh vigor into my arm: I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifled him as he lay. At this moment several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death; I threw myself on the Turkish courser, and forced him on at his utmost speed until I regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it. When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure, which, during the campaign, I had acquired, to my home, purchased these fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries of war."

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bear to narrate the circumstances of her illness and death. After this sad event, his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. His little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there, after a lapse of some years, our good Hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close the eyes of his brother, who, on his death bed, entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son, when they should have attained a proper age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seemed to be bent on this union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should have attained the age of eighteen, she should become the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connection

at that time; and satisfied with this promise, the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him, he loved her not, but he loved the wealth which would one day be hers, and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompany a generous and tender passion were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task to him to attend his gentle mistress; nor did he ever appear disposed to play the part of a lover, except when some other seemed disposed to supply his place. It was at a real fete, given by Ludovic to his neighbors at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa. What, then, was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment, he saw Theresa, her slender waist encircled by the arm of a young hussar, moving in the graceful waltz! The evident superiority of his rival whose well knit limbs, firm step and martial airs formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and, in violent wrath, he advanced to Theresa insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagement; he persisted: she refused his request, and laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choked with passion, laid his grievances before him. Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence, and appealed to him whether she were not at liberty to select any partner for the dance she thought proper. "You have no such liberty!" thundered forth Karl. "You are my betrothed wife, and as such, you belong to me alone."

Theresa cast on him a smile full of scorn and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she inquired, "Father, does this man speak the truth?" "He does, my child," was the reply; and she dropped insensible at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down beside her, passionately kissed her fair forehead, and, raising her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining apartment, followed by the father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first she saw no one, and breathing a deep sigh, murmured, "it was all a horrid dream!" An anguished groan startled her into perception and agony. She looked up and saw her father standing before her, with folded arms and a countenance clouded with grief. Karl also stood near with an exulting smile; and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She then found it was no dream. She looked to her father. "Father, is there no hope?" "None, my honor is pledged." She then turned to the hussar, and placed for a moment her cold hand in his; then rising suddenly, threw herself at

the feet of Karl. "O Karl, have mercy!—I love another—you do not love me—have pity on us!" "By all the powers of heaven and hell, you shall be mine, Theresa!" "I appeal to my father." "Will your father violate his promise to the dead?" "I will not," said Ludovic, with solemnity. "Then Theresa," exclaimed Karl, with fiendlike exultation, "no power on earth shall save you from being mine!" and thus saying, he left the house.

Theresa rose from her knees, and threw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. Her tears fell fast on his manly countenance, but his agony was too great for that relief. Ludovic was deeply moved. He approached them, endeavored to calm their affliction, and related the circumstance under which this promise had been given; but his concluding words, "that he must hold it sacred," threw them into a new paroxysm of grief. "We must part, then, Arnhold," said the weeping Theresa; "we must part—oh! can we survive this cruel blow?" "No," said Arnhold, "No: I cannot be without you: let us once more entreat your father to have pity on us!" and the youthful lovers threw themselves at his feet. "Arnhold!" said Ludovic, sternly, "thou a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honor!" Arnhold felt the appeal; he started up, raised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his sabre one long bright lock, embraced and kissed her, placed her in the arms of her father and fled.

Every passing day carried with it some portion of the fortitude of Theresa, as if she saw the near approach of the period which was to consign her to a state so dreadful.—Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavored to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Had even her affections been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her; but with affections placed on another, the idea of a union appeared insupportable.

"My child!" would Ludovic say, interrupting a passionate burst of grief, "by what magic has Arnhold gained possession of your heart?" "He is an hussar," replied Theresa. There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic; he recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of his daughter with the sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him, that he had too often exalted the profession of arms above the peaceful and unobtrusive occupations of the husbandman.—Was it wonderful, then, that Theresa should have imbibed something of this spirit? or that she should have yielded her heart to one who possessed courage to defend her, and tenderness to soothe her, under the afflictions of life? Arnhold dwelt near them; he had been the playmate of Theresa, and with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, they had often listened together to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to relate to them; and to these conversations might be attributed the passionate desire of Arnhold to adopt the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children, and liking the

society of the generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away, of their affection assuming a totally different character. It was so, and Ludovic now saw with deep grief that his daughter was unalterably attached to the young soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was scarcely less so: he blamed his own imprudence; and on contrasting the characters of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feelings and his duty arose in his breast; the stern honor of a soldier triumphed, and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice. Unable, however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful female friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles distant. There he left Theresa, after receiving her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she should complete her eighteenth year. "Father," said she, with stammering voice, "I have never deceived you. If I live I will return: but do not grieve too deeply should my heart break in this fearful struggle." The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his scarred and sunburnt cheek, embraced his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all feelings seemed dead; but her mind was awakened to new sufferings. A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic lay, apparently on the bed of death; and with breathless impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival her father's sick room was not solitary. The detested Karl was there, and there too was the youthful hussar. "My child," said Ludovic, "My days are numbered; my fate must soon be decided, and, alas! yours also! To my dying brother I solemnly promised that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement I could not die in peace; even the grave would offer no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?" "I can—I will," cried the unfortunate Theresa, sinking on her knees, "So help me Heaven!" "Heaven will bless a dutiful child," said Ludovic, with fervor. "Karl, draw near." Karl obeyed—Theresa shuddered.

"Karl," said Ludovic, "you say you love my child: cherish her, I conjure you, as you hope for future happiness. In her you will possess a treasure; but I warn you, she will bring you but one portion of my possessions." Karl started and retreated a few steps. "That, however," continued Ludovic "which I looked upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You, Karl, believe me to have some virtues. Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine, the murder—but enough of this! I have confessed to my spiritual father, and have obtained absolution for the dark catalogue—but on condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget I was a father; I pleaded the destitute state of my child—I implored—I entreated—at length I wrung from the pious father his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for my Theresa, I chose my saddle. Keep it dear child, in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you, Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly goods for the welfare of my soul? Are you content to take my daughter with this portion?"

"Fool!" exclaimed Karl, "doting idiot!

how dare you purchase exemption from punishment at my expense? Your wealth is mine; your possessions must be the portion of my bride. I will reclaim them from those rapacious monks; and tear them from the altar!"

"You cannot, you dare not," replied Ludovic; raising his voice in anger—"my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only—my wealth formed no part of it."

"Driveller! dotard! vociferated Karl—"think you that I will accept a portionless bride? You must seek some other fool for that purpose: I renounce her."

"Give her to me, father!" cried Arnhold: "I swear to cherish and protect her while I live. Give her to me, and when she shall be the loved wife of my bosom, I will live for her—aye, and die for her!"

Karl laughed in mockery. "You value life but little," said he, "to talk of sacrificing it for a woman. I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all Theresa."

The young hussar laid his hand on his sabre. Theresa threw herself between them. At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch, tore the covering from his head, snatched his saddle from the wall where it hung, seized his sabre, and with one stroke laid it open, and a stream of gold, bezants, oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels, fell on the floor. "Wretch! worm! vile clod of earth! art thou not justly punished? Hence, reptile! begone before I forget that thou art of my blood!" Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without daring to give utterance to the imprecation which hung on his colourless lips.

Trampling under foot the costly Jewels which lay strewn around, Theresa rushed toward and embraced her father, exclaiming, "Is not this a dream? Are you indeed restored to me? Can this bliss be real?"

"Forgive me, my child," exclaimed Ludovic, "the pain I have been obliged to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that part of our store has been appropriated to the holy church—not to purchase forgiveness of the sins I mentioned, and of which, thank Heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate. Kneel down my children—aye, support her, Arnhold—lay her innocent head upon your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar."

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

"The base has been placed thirteen feet deep and is raised to the surface by six courses of stone; the first course forms an area, with sides fifty feet in length, and three feet in thickness; the second of the squares is 44 feet in dimensions on the exterior, and like those above is hollow in the middle, and composed of stones two feet high: the third course is 40 feet square, the fourth is 38 feet. The base, as it is estimated, contains 14060 tons in weight of stone.

The form of the monument was that of a pyramidal obelisk, thirty feet square at the surface of the ground, and fifteen at the top; it is intended to be raised to the height of two hundred and thirteen feet four inches, by eighty courses of stone, each two feet eight inches in thickness, and ascended by a flight of steps winding round the inside. The third course above the base is now completing, and the monument has actually been raised to the height of eight feet from the surface of the earth. The material is the Quincy Granite, a rock peculiarly suited for the construction

of such an edifice. The walls have an air of great neatness, united with strength and solidity. The separate blocks of which they are composed are of colossal proportions and giant size. The largest mass is stated to be eleven feet in length, five feet in breadth, two feet eight inches high, and of the weight of ten tons. The surfaces are hewn and highly finished, and the whole structure presents an appearance of durability.

We know that time is busy in the destruction of human things; and that the effacing fingers of decay obliterate the relics of art and the materials of vanity. But long after our generation has passed away, this monument will stand, the landmark of the mariner, a witness to history, the boast of the antiquarian, and the pride of the citizen."

LAST WORDS OF ROBERT EMMET.—If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in their transitory life—O! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life. My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice—the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim: It circulates warm and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven.—Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of light is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

Can you, my friend, these tender lays review,
And say that Love is cold, and friends are few?
Where pure affection breathes in every line,
And virtue pleads her cause in strains divine!

Ah, no! tho' scandal all her powers expand,
To spread contagion thro' our happy land;
Tho' vice, her thousand impious arts disclose,
To hurl destruction at the heart's repose,
Tho' green-eyed jealousy, her wiles assume,
To crush the joys that in the bosom bloom,
Still while surrounded by a chosen few,
Who know no joys but that from friendship flow,
And join their love with charity divine;
Sure these are objects worthy Heaven,
The choicest blessings to a mortal given:
And long may you, my friend, the bliss enjoy,
Of friendship's purest charms without alloy:
And when at last from earth you're call'd away,
T' attend the summons of th' eventful day,
May friendship, virtue, love and peace combine
To guide your spirit into realms divine.

Hail sacred friendship! Heaven's best gift below,
The source from whence all other blessings flow,
Without thy mild, invigorating light,
Nature would shut her glories from our sight:
"Our days would slowly pass in life's dull stream,
Unblest by love, unbrighten'd by esteem."
Long may thy life-inspiring virtues bind
The heart's affection to the perfect mind. &

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

Portrait of Lady Byron and her daughter.

I knew a great deal about Lady B. when she lived at —, I forget the name of the place now, but it is not far from Bromley—and thought her a woman of masculine understanding, and great conversational powers, and strong natural good sense—but not altogether the wife for Lord Byron. She shewed her admirable sense of propriety by the seclusion to which she consigned herself, and the dignified silence she inviolably maintained respecting what may be termed “her case.” I believe, to her most intimate associates, Lady Byron never breathed her husband’s name; never alluded, in the most casual manner, to her own peculiar situation. On the contrary, she appeared studiously to avoid all reference to the subject. Her daughter, Ada Byron, to whom such touching interest attaches, strongly resembles her gifted father. There is, in particular, an expression about the mouth—a curl, when she is displeased, in her youthful lip—a fire and *fiette* in her eye—which those who had ever an opportunity of watching the poet’s features, in a moment of irritation would instantly recognize. The likeness is singularly striking. It is hardly fair to judge of her at such tender years; but I tho’t I discovered germs of talents, and—shall I add—a spice of Lord Byron’s disposition—a large leaven of self-indulgence and self-will.—Lady Byron was passionately attached to her, and paid the most vigilant attention to those grand essentials in a woman’s happiness—temper and disposition. There was one thing in particular which struck me very forcibly. It is a rule worthy the adoption of every mother. I had dined alone with Sir Ralph and herself; little Ada was with us at tea; but at its conclusion, Lady Byron rose and said,—“You must excuse me: I always give an hour to my daughter every night, before she goes to bed, when we talk over the events of the day. I find it by far the best hour in the 24 for affecting and correcting the heart!” If she was “learned” and “mathematical,” most assuredly it never appeared in her conversation. It was that, and that only, of a highly accomplished and very well informed woman.—An incident occurred which was perfectly conclusive to my mind that Lady Byron was still fondly attached to him. And from the account of others who knew the facts, I am thoroughly satisfied that Lord and Lady Byron might have been living together at this hour, had his life been spared, but for the intervention of a third person. *Lady Noel never could endure him*; and the feeling was reciprocal. She was perpetually haunted by the idea that his Lordship was an unfaithful husband. On the other hand he never spared her; and, unhappily, Lady Noel’s temper and unguarded expressions afforded ample scope for the most biting satire and caustic irony.—Whatever his lordship might have been previous to his marriage, or since the separation, in the particular instance so continually quoted, he was grossly misrepresented. I have reason to believe, though not from her own lips, that Lady Byron now feels this.”—*The Living and the Dead.*

POROSITY OF GLASS.—Mr. Campbell, in his voyage to the south of Africa, demonstrated the fact, by hermetically sealing 2 spherical bottles, which sunk in the sea to the depth of 1,200 feet, by attaching them to a great weight of lead. Ten men were one quarter of an hour in raising them again, and they came up full of water, which had been forced through the glass.

THE DEAD-WATCH.

A LEGEND OF SWEDEN.

The last moments of Ulrica, princess of Sweden approached. A film obscured her eye; but her voice though weak, was clear. “I thought I scarcely could have died without bidding a last farewell,” she said, “to my beloved Emeline—but life recedes. How many days have elapsed since the messenger was despatched to Saxony.”

“But three, my dearest princess,” replied an aged attendant, whose accents were scarcely more distinct than those of her dying mistress: “but three; as many weeks must pass before Countess Emeline, of Schoenberg can arrive.”

“I have not as many hours to live and must forego the hope,” resumed the lady. “Our vow to meet again before the tomb closed over us, has passed unfulfilled. My faithful friends farewell! when I am gone, think kindly of your princess.”

It was three in the morning when Ulrica expired: the next day, the body lay in state, and all Stockholm repaired to take a last look at their beloved princess. The crowd was so great, that towards evening, the officer on guard found it difficult to enforce the order for closing the doors, that none should be admitted until the following day. The officer was baron Frederick, of W. a young Swede of undoubted courage. The eleventh hour had struck; and, as he walked up and down an antichamber, separated from the room where the princess lay merely by a glass partition, he paused to gaze at the idle pomp which surrounded the royal corpse, where the shades of death, and the glare of a thousand tapers seemed engaged in ghastly combat—and then, his head sunk on his breast—and again he moved slowly on, wrapped in his own reflections—so passed the next hour, and the clock struck twelve. As its last vibration ceased, a lady dressed in black, whom the baron immediately recognized as the countess Emeline of Schoenberg, the absent friend of the princess, entered.—“Noble Countess,” said Baron Frederick, “the chamber of her highness is closed, and no one till the morning, can be admitted. Nay, advance not, lady—my orders are severe, and, even were I to infringe them, it would not afford the means of augmenting your sorrow, I pray you refrain!” and seeing the pale figure advance, he moved to oppose her entering.

A cold hand was laid on his—an icy shudder pervaded his whole frame—and he remained motionless! For a moment’s space, his sight was obscured: and when he recovered it, he saw the figure approach the bed of the princess. The corpse arose, and opened its heavy eyelids: but its glance was fixed and glassy. The arms which before were closed on the breast, spread slowly to embrace the pallid form which moved to meet them!—

—When Baron Frederick recovered, he found himself lying on the ground: he was alone. The corpse had resumed its former attitude; but the lips which had retained the contraction of the last agony, now bore a pleasant smile. Inquiries were made in the palace, and their only result was, on that night, at the midnight hour, a mourning coach, drawn by four horses, had entered the palace court; a female, in black attire, alighted from it, and ascended the stairs. In what manner either the carriage or the lady had disappeared, could none explain. In the course of a month, the messenger despatched to Saxony returned, also with tidings of the death of the Countess of Schoenberg. The story is to this day well remembered in Stockholm, and recounted as often as a rude basso-relievo,

representing this mysterious circumstance, arrests the attention of the traveller.

LOUNGING.

“Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!”

Were it not that we have an utter abhorrence of bellicose operations, we should most certainly post a thirty two pounder in front of our Editorial door, and discharge its contents against every person that appeared in the garb of a lounge. Some of our friends must think that we write and gather ideas by means of machinery, or they would not be so unmerciful as to take to themselves our time, which is the property of the public. We dread the sight of a man who is blessed with leisure, for he is sure to cultivate the friendship of us unfortunates. Forty or fifty newspapers are a harvest of bliss to him, and where can he find these so well as in an Editor’s office. We have tried all imaginable means of deliverance from this dire affliction. We have so far trespassed on the benignity of our disposition as to look surly and give snappish answers—but all in vain; our friends are so well acquainted with our good humor, that they attribute our moroseness to a head ache. The other day we put out the fire, in hopes that the cold reception would furnish a hint: it would not do—while we attempted to scribble with Arctic fingers, our loungers would thrust their hands into their pockets, and inquire the price of coal! We then tried the other extreme, filled our grate and attempted to roast them out. Useless experiment! our office is cursed with a door and four windows. We have scattered snuff and cayenne pepper on our papers—we have put printing ink on the latch of our door—we have broken the legs of our extra chairs. In vain:—only one man has had a tumble, and on the strength of having dislocated his shoulder, he staid all day, for fear that motion would be injurious. And thus, as an orator in Chancery says “we are remediless on the premises.”

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Forget them not! tho’ now their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Tho’ by the hearth its utterance claim
A stillness round.

Tho’ for their sakes this hearth no more,
As it hath been may be,
And shadow, never marked before,
Brood o’er each tree:

And though their image dim the sky,
Yet, yet forget them not!
Nor, where their life and love went by,
Forsake the spot!

They have a breathing influence there,
A charm, not elsewhere found;
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream—the ground.

Then, tho’ the wind an altered tone
Thro’ the young foliage bear,
Tho’ every flower, of something gone,
A tinge may wear.

Oh! fly it not! no fruitless grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf
There where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,
Still tend their garden bower.
And call them back, the holy dead,
To each lone hour!

The holy dead! oh blest we are,
That we may name them so,
And to their spirits look afar,
Through all our wo!

Blest, that the things they loved on earth,
As relics we may hold,
Which wakes sweet thoughts of parted worth,
By springs untold.

Blest, that a deep and chastening power
Thus o’er our souls is given,
If but the bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for Heaven!

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 9, 1828.

Our friend at Batavia, N. Y. will please accept our hearty thanks for the list of thirty subscribers which he sent us two weeks ago. His letter has been preceded, and followed, by many others of the same kind, within a month or two past, all enclosing a long list of names, accompanied by the subscription. Our list continues to increase with the most cheering rapidity.

The first number of the *Spy*, a new paper, printed at Ithaca, N. Y. has reached us, with a request to exchange. The editor says, in his address:

"According to the uninterrupted course of immemorial usage, we, like other sage and sapient editors, come now before that wise corporality, the public, with one of the very best bows which Monsieur, the dancing master, taught us to make. Last week we gave as it were, a kind of preliminary scrape of the foot, and now it is neither more nor less than our purpose to redeem the promise then made, by completing the ceremony. In doing this, we doubt not in the least, but that we shall be received with a grin of satisfaction by some, a stare of astonishment or a gape of wonder by others, and a clap of applause by all and several the rest of mankind."

To shew the man's wit, we select another paragraph:

"A pretty little village maid once refused an offer of marriage before the question was popped! It was kind in her—it was extremely kind, but still, it was denying before she was asked."

His next paragraph explains the object of the publication:

His business, he says, is tattling—that is, the *Spy* is meant to be one of those low, scurrilous publications, with which many cities and villages are infested, whose whole life consists in retailing in print the petty tales of scandal which any decent man would be ashamed to utter. It is a prostitution of paper and types to a worse purpose even than telling electioneering lies, and truly pitiable to see a man, who, to judge from his address, possesses much good sense, devote the talents which God gave him for the benefit of his fellow creatures, to the low and vile occupation of poisoning the morals of a village community—a place in which one would think there was quite scandal enough floating, without printing a paper to send it still further. We advise the editor to alter the name of his paper from the *Spy*, to the *Grog-shop Herald*.

The Wharf Rat.—In passing along our wharves on one of those bitter days that visited us in January, and whose keenness was felt more sensibly from their trading directly on the heels of two months of mild weather, I witnessed one of those distressing exhibitions of human misery which so frequently occur among the dregs of a city population in the depth of winter. The wind swept rudely along the river, singing mournfully among the stiffened rigging of the dismasted shipping, as it rolled on asily in the breeze. The wharves were vacant, and deserted by the busy crowds who throng them in seasons of commercial activity. All around was cold and cheerless. The sun shone with unconscious warmth, except where his beams fell into some retired nook, which the projecting corners of the store-houses defended from the fierceness of the tempest. In one of these obscure spots, as I passed hastily along, I observed a ragged looking object lying on a cask. The misery of the sight made me pause a moment,—and, thankful that I had a comfortable plaid to wrap around my shoulders, I advanced a little nearer. It was not merely the outlines of human wretchedness—the picture itself was filled up with a chilling accuracy that made the heart bleed to contemplate it. He lay uneasily upon the head of an oil cask, his hands thrust into his pockets, and his shivering body was crowded into a heap, as if endeavoring to maintain sufficient warmth to keep him comfortable. The fragments of a straw hat were fluttering from his head—ragged pantaloons, a shirt, and tattered shoes, was his meagre covering from the biting wind of January. His face was turned carelessly up to the sun, while the pallid cheek and blue

lip which it exposed, seemed to indicate a curdling of the blood—the silent herald of approaching death. I could never stand by and see a fellow-being perish, either by accident or misfortune, when it lay within my power to prevent it: for it is not my province to pronounce the misery of any one to be a visitation on his vices from on high:—I leave the settlement of that tremendous account to the only awful Judge in whose almighty hand exists the cognizance of human destinies. The miserable object before me belonged to that race of vagabonds who infest our wharves during the summer season, and who support themselves by petty thefts upon the cargoes of newly arrived vessels, as they are landed—distinguished by the name of WHARF RATS. With the thoughtlessness of a grasshopper, he had sported away his sunny days, and now that winter had come, he found himself without a roof to shelter him, or even a morsel for his craving appetite. For aught that I knew, he might be perishing. I roused him from his feverish slumber—put my left hand in my pocket, and drew out—but no matter what—for my right hand, which holds my pen, knows not—neither did I sit down to trumpet my own charities, even if I had performed any. The pauper moved away from his desolate hiding place, and I turned the corner of the next street.

It may be questioned whether there is any city in the Union, or even in the whole world, where so small an amount of misery exists, proportionate to its population, as in Philadelphia. The sufferings of our destitute are known and cared for. Though we send the gospel into woods untrodden by the footsteps of the white man: though our missionaries brave the dangers of the ocean to convert the heathen, and carry, undismayed, the banner of the cross into the remotest cities of Indostan; yet the wants of those within our borders are not forgotten, amid the vast and glorious efforts which are made in every quarter of the globe. In the suburbs of our own city, missionaries are to be found, patiently penetrating into the silent hovels of misery, and boldly carrying precept and remonstrance into the brothels of iniquity. To the one they minister the comforts which they need, while to the other they preach the certain wrath to come. Although the field of labor was immense, yet their toil has been unceasing. A visible, and glorious change has been the consequence. Better thoughts have been instilled into the minds of the dissolute, and better habits have been taught the idle. Our streets are not so crowded with the vicious and depraved—our charity not so frequently solicited by the knavish pauper. A fellow-being perishing with cold and hunger, like the solitary WHARF RAT, is seldom seen, even in the most wretched rendezvous of vice and misery in Philadelphia:—that it should be met with anywhere, is as much to be deplored as it is likely to be believed!

PREMIUM OFFERED.

The extensive patronage which has been awarded to the *ARIEL* since its commencement, and the editor, desirous of bringing out the first number of the second volume in a style equal, if not superior, to any other periodical, offers a premium of three years' subscription to the work, to the person who shall forward to him, on or before the first day of April next, the most approved design for a head to the first page. The second volume will commence on the first of May next; and as the engraver will require some time to execute the design, it is desirable that all specimens should be received before the first of April.

The design may be drawn to any size, and according to the taste of the competitor—either colored, or with the pencil. The name and residence of the candidate should be enclosed in separate envelope, and if a wish should be expressed that the name of the successful one may not be published, it will be strictly attended to. Immediately on a choice being made, the design will be put into the hands of an engraver, and a proof copy sent to the designor as soon as it is completed.

Though it may be a novelty to offer a premium of this kind, yet we doubt not that among our large number of readers there will be found at least one designing

character, who may think the premium worth contending for. Letters should be addressed to the "Editor of the *Ariel*, Philadelphia."

Such of our brother editors who think the above worth encouraging, will oblige us by transferring it into their columns.

LOCAL.

Several meetings of gentlemen have been held in this city during the past week, preparatory to forming a society for encouraging the growth of Mulberry Trees, and the raising of Silk Worms. Their meetings have resulted in the organization of a Society, which will no doubt be beneficial to the country. The manufacture of native Silk has very much increased in this country within the last six years.

The presence of that heathenish disease, the Small Pox, in our city, has excited much speculation among medical men. Some of our physicians are of opinion that the varioloid is only the small-pox operating on those whose system has not been completely affected by previous small pox or nine pox—they therefore recommend repeated vaccination, until it ceases to have any effect—that is, until the predisposition to small pox is wholly exhausted.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Henry Clay (not the dancing master) was born in the county of Hanover in Virginia, on the 12th day of April, 1777, was the son of a Baptist Clergyman. His father died when he was a lad; and his mother was married to Dr. Watkins, and at present resides in the county of Woodford, Kentucky.

Promptness.—10,000 dollars towards erecting a new Congressional Meeting House in Pawtucket, R. I. have been subscribed in that town in 24 hours. Nothing like promptness.

A person offers to keep the New York Canal free from ice, from the 15th Dec. for one half the tolls.

Miss Miller, a female preacher of the Methodist persuasion of four years standing is preaching at Richmond and Petersburg, Va. She is but 22 years of age.

A culprit by the name of Sawyer, upon being sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen months by the Recorder a few days since, daily thanked him for his *New Year's Gift*. A thankful soul, 'pon honor.

It is said that of the property of the late Ward N. Boylston deceased, President Adams will receive no less than *Four Hundred Thousand Dollars*.—A very comfortable lift, truly.

A mournful event occurred at a wedding lately near Centerville, Md. One of the groomsmen was shot dead by one of the company with a pistol which was not known to be loaded.

The Treasurer of the Greek Fund acknowledges the receipt of sixty dollars from the Ladies Sewing Circle in Boston.

It is estimated that the New York Canals, independently of the income already derived from them, exceeding the interest on the cost by 2-1-2 per cent. have increased the property of the state, to the value of a hundred millions of dollars.

The Newburyport Herald states that a family of interesting children in that town, came nigh being suffocated a few nights since, by means of a warmer with ignited charcoal being placed in a chamber, without a fire place, where they were in bed.

Hemp.—Governor Clinton, in his recent message to the New York Legislature, recommends the cultivation of Hemp and of Flax. He says it is the opinion of good judges, if this interest is properly fostered, that twelve thousand tons of Hemp, worth 2,400,000 may be annually raised in that state, and that within thirty years the exportation of the article, from the U. States will be equivalent in value to that of Cotton!

Mr. Waller, the editor of the *Montreal Spectator*, has been bound over in the sum of 2000 pounds, for a libel on the government.

To the conscientious.—A subscriber lately accompanied his advance subscription to our paper, with this judicious hint: "*How to read a newspaper with a clear conscience*—*PAY FOR IT IN ADVANCE.*"

The first religious newspaper, which was ever published in New England or the United States, was the *Rev. Mr. Prince's Christian History*, which was published in Boston, about 1740, in a pamphlet of about 12 pages, and appeared once a week.

Fire.—The dwellinghouse and brewery of Mr. David Coburn, in New Lisbon, Otsego co. were destroyed by fire on the night of the 5th inst. Loss about 2000 dollars, on which there was a partial insurance.

The building on Table Rock, for the accommodation of visitors was destroyed by fire a few days ago.

Extensive Jail Yard.—At the late session of the Court of Sessions in Kennebec county, Maine, it was ordered that the jail yard be so extended as to embrace the whole county.

Within a few weeks, (says the Kentucky Gazette of Jan. 4.) nearly two hundred members have been added to the Presbyterian church, and two hundred and thirty seven to the Methodist church.

The following was given as the fortieth toast at the dinner, on the 5th ult. in N. Y.:

"By James N. Wells.—Our wives—May we not forget that they are waiting for us."

LITERARY.

The Boston Traveller thus speaks of the Ladies' Magazine—

The Ladies' Magazine.—The first number of this new monthly, announced some time since by Messrs. Putnam and Hunt, is now published; and as we have had an opportunity to turn over its beautifully printed leaves and glance at its various and pleasing contents, we venture the assertion that it will be found to contain all the prospectus promised or its warmest friends could expect. Mrs. Hale's first article—her address to the public is modest, sensible, and winning; and we advise those who profess a taste for light reading, and have not yet come to the conclusion to become her patron, to read this "Introduction." We are obliged to defer a further notice of the contents, but will not omit to mention here that the Magazine contains a lithographic print, said to be a correct likeness of Mrs. Hannah Adams, who, at this time, we believe, resides in this city.

The N. Y. Parthenon and Literary Museum, a weekly miscellany, conducted by the poet Woodworth, has been discontinued for want of patronage.

Mr. Josiah Snow, of Providence, R. I. has just issued the first number of a weekly paper, called "The Toilet, or Ladies' Cabinet of Literature."

The Tales of a Grandfather, by the author of Waverley, is nearly completed, and its publication may be soon expected.

The following Sea Ballad is taken from a manuscript play, now in our possession, entitled the "American Hussar." The Hussar is from the pen of a gentleman of this town, but has not, thus far, been prepared for the stage—although it was announced for representation some two years since. In introducing the ballad, the author of the Hussar remarks—"For the ballad, which I have put into the mouth of Jack Bowline, I am indebted to the pen of a distinguished author, whose Sea Ballads and Songs have long held a high place in the estimation of amateurs and poets. Were I capable of writing an effusion so fraught with poetical merit, I should not have laid one of the ablest of British bards under contribution." The American Hussar, although the title would lead the reader to suppose it was exclusively a military piece, combines the military with the nautical.—*R. I. Cadet.*

The decks were cleared—the gallant band,
With honest hearts each other cheering;
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
With hearts resolved, no danger fearing;
Ben Block turned pale—yet 'twas not fear;
Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,
When on the deck he saw appear,
In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheeks assumed a crimson glow,
And yet, for such her noble daring,
No prayers could keep her down below,
With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing;
Till—cruel fate ordained it so—
Ere Ben had time to say 'How fare ye,'
An envious ball conveyed the blow,
And closed in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms received the falling fair,
Grief, rage and love his bosom tearing—
His eyes reflected wild despair,
No more for life or safety caring;
Close came the foe, Ben madly cried
"Ye adverse powers, come on, I dare ye!"
Then springing from the vessel's side,
Rushed on the foe, and died for Mary.

TO THE EDITOR.

A friend who takes much interest in the reading of the Ariel, is desirous to contribute something to the "common stock of amusement," by furnishing occasionally a few short articles, such as may be thought agreeable to the editor and his readers. Y.

ODDS AND ENDS—NO. I.

ANGER.—The first emotions of anger should always be suppressed. This is good policy whether right or wrong. One's mind cannot see clearly in the whirlwind of passion. If anger and high passions should ever be indulged, let the feelings rise gradually into that lofty region. By this means you carry your auditors with you, and intimidate much more your antagonists. A winged spirit might reach the top of the Andes at one flight, but if he wants to carry men with him, he must accommodate his progress to their weakness.

The following lines have been lately added to an epitaph on a Matron at Crayens. 'Tis an exquisite specimen of what poets term the genius:—

She was a good mother, and a virtuous,
A faithful friend all the days of her life.
For her last tribute paid to me,
I erect this tomb to cover she.

The following elegant epitaph, commemorative of the luckless fate of an unhappy lover is to be found in a church yard in "Modern Athens:—

The wedding day appointed was,
The wedding clothes provided—
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sickened and she died.

In the "Marrow of Compliment," (London) 1654, is the following song in praise of tobacco:—

Much meat doth gluttony procure,
To feed men fat as swine;
But he's a frugal man, indeed,
That with a loaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger's ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a pipe.

Lord Kelly had a remarkably red face. One day Foote solicited him to look over his garden wall to ripen his melons.

WINTER SCENERY IN SCOTLAND.—"I do not think I ever saw this place look more beautiful—no, not in the 'leafy month of June.' When one looks down in the morning from the Queen's Tower, you cannot picture to yourself a more lovely phenomenon than the tops of the trees. They are all spread over with a coating of frost work—every little twig is feathered as delicately as if it had cost a fairy milliner a night's hard work to adorn it. The tall black trunks rise like ebony pillars amidst and beneath glorious canopies of alabaster; and the water being hard bound, and the mill silent, no sound is heard all around, except the eternal coughing of the rocks from the innumerable nests on which my window looks down."—*Elrick, Shepherd.*

SONG.

You talk of your wine in its brightness glowing,
You talk of your pleasure and blisses,
But give me the smile in its brightness glowing,
With woman's affectionate kisses.

You talk of your hounds, and the joys of the chase,
You talk of your frolics and races,
But give me in fond woman's heart—a firm place,
And a smile of content in their faces.

Oh! these are the joys that encircle this life,
More dear than all your vain pleasures,
Give me but the love, and the smiles of a wife,
And take all your vain giddy treasures.

Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to dower, asserts, that if the land abide in the husband a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof, and he adds, that this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were hanged in one cart, but the son was supposed to survive the father, being observed to struggle the longest, whereby he became seized by an estate of survivorship, in consequence of which seizure his widow obtained a verdict for her dower.

SONG.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Oh! who art thou of pensive beauty
Whose looks so soft, so sad appear;
All court thee with assiduous duty,
And yet all greet thee with a tear?

I sing in low and plaintive measure,
Of days and sorrows long passed by,
And young and old with weeping pleasure
Dwell on the strains of memory.

Oh, who art thou of youthful brightness,
With airy step and looks of gold?

The heart to meet thee bounds in lightness,
The eyes with smiles thy form behold.

I strive to gild this world of sadness,
And change it to a sunny slope,
All love my song and tale of gladness,
All call me by the name of Hope.

The prolific pen of the highly gifted PERCIVAL has seldom produced a more beautiful poem than the following. It has been republished very frequently; but of late has gone out of print. We revive it with the hope that it may prove acceptable to some who are yet strangers to its beauties.

THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Now launch the boat upon the wave—
The wind is blowing off the shore—
I will not live a cowering slave,
In these polluted Islands more—
Beyond the wild, dark heaving sea,
There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,
And out to sea the streamers fly—
My music is the dashing roar,
My canopy the stainless sky—
It bends above so fair a blue,
That Heaven seems opening on my view.

I will not live a cowering slave,
Tho' all the charms of life may shine
Around me, and the land, the wave
And sky be drawn in tints divine—
Give low'ring skies and rocks to me,
If there my spirit can be free.

Sweeter than spicy gales that blow
From orange groves with wooing breath,
The winds may from these islands flow—
But 'tis an atmosphere of death;
The lotus, which transformed the brave
And haughty to a willing slave.

Softer than Minder's winding stream,
The wave may ripple on this coast;
And brighter than the morning beam,
In golden swell be round it tost—
Give me a rude and stormy shore,
So pow'r can never threaten more.

Brighter than all the tales they tell
Of eastern pomp and pageantry,
Our sunset skies in glory swell,
Hung round with glowing tapestry—
The horrors of a winter storm
Swell brighter o'er a Freeman's form.

The Spring may here with Autumn twine,
And both combined may rule the year,
And fresh-blown flowers and racy wine
In frosty clusters still be near—
Dearer the wild and snowy hills,
Where hale and ruddy freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
And ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
There is a better home for me,
A welcomer and dearer shore;
There hands and hearts and souls are twin'd,
And free the Man, and free the mind.

THE OLD SAILOR.

To mount the shrouds and trim the sail
'Twas what I lov'd while yet a boy;
And oh! to beat before the gale,
Was ev'n in childhood all my joy.

When whistling winds and tempests roar'd,
I was on high to meet the gale;
And when the storm in vengeance pour'd,
Then would I tend the quivering sail.

When dash'd around on ocean's spray,
Or mist and darkness wrap'd my form,
I lov'd to win my dangerous way
Along the billows, 'mid the storm.

Oft have I sung the sailor's song—
 Oft join'd the sailor's jest and laugh'd—
 Told of my sports when friends among,
 And with my lads the goblet quaff'd.

Those days are past. Thrown on the shore,
A useless hulk, I lie unknown—
 My story soon to tell no more,
 And soon to breathe my parting breath.

But on past hours 'tis sweet to think,
To muse on scenes and mates forsooth,
At memory's fount one cup to drink—
 The long lov'd beverage of our youth.

Farewell! those days of bliss are gone,
 Writ only on the heart they live;
 But till this beating pulse be done,
 Their memory shall true pleasure give.

BARBAROUS STRATAGEM OF A MOORISH PRINCE.

History records a very singular and cruel scheme of politics projected and executed by Mehemet Alhehdi, king of Fez, a prince not less remarkable for his ambition than his refined craft and hypocrisy. He had a long war to maintain against some neighboring nations, who refused to submit to his tyranny. He gained over them several victories, but having afterwards lost a battle, wherein he had exposed his troops with a blind fury, they were so dispirited that they refused to go against the enemy. To inspire them with courage, he imagined the following stratagem:

Having assembled secretly a certain number of officers who were best affected to him, he proposed to them considerable rewards, if they would consent to be shut up for some hours, in graves, as if they had been killed in battle; that he would leave them a sufficient vent for breathing, and that when in consequence of a superstitious device he designed cunningly to spread through the army, they should happen to be interrogated, they were to answer, that they had found what their king had promised them; that they enjoyed the rewards of martyrdom, and that those who should imitate them by fighting valiantly, and should die in that war, would enjoy the same felicity. The thing was executed as he had proposed. He laid his most faithful servants among the dead, covered them with earth, and left them a small vent for drawing breath. He afterwards entered the camp, and assembling the principal chiefs about midnight: "You are (said he) the soldiers of God, the defenders of the faith, and the protectors of truth. Prepare to exterminate your enemies, who are likewise the enemies of the Most High, and depend upon it you will never find so sure an opportunity of being pleasing in his sight. But, as there may be dastards and stupid wretches among you, who do not believe my words, I am willing to convince them by the sight of a great prodigy.

Go to the field of battle, ask those of your brethren who have been killed this day; they will assure you that they enjoy the most perfect happiness for having died in this war." He then led them to the field of battle, where he cried out with all his might: "O, assembly of faithful martyrs, make known how many wonders you have seen of the Most High God!" They answered, "We have received from the Almighty infinite rewards, which the living can have no idea of." The chiefs, surprised at this answer, ran to publish it in the army; and revived courage in the heart of the soldiery. Whilst this was transacted in the camp, the king, feigning an extacy, caused by this miracle, remained near the graves, where his buried servants waited their deliverance; but he stopped up the holes through which they breathed, and sent them to receive, in the other world, by this barbarous stratagem, the reward they had made a declaration of to others.

Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middling classes, which leads them to make their appearance above their education in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded. When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies.

Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, Sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it my duty, Sir," replied George, "to wait upon you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray, Sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer, Sir." "George Faulkner, the printer! why you are the most impudent, barefaced, scoundrel of an impostor I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction." Away went George, as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned instantly to the Deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," says the Dean, "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

POINT OF PRECEDENCE.—A litigation once arose in the University of Cambridge, whether Doctors in Law, or Doctors in Medicine, should hold precedence. The Chancellor asking whether the thief or the hangman preceded at an execution; and being told that the thief usually took the lead, "Well, then," said the chancellor, "let the Doctors in Law have the precedence, and let the Doctors in Medicine be next in rank."

An eccentric Scotchman once applied to Mr. Garrick to introduce a production of his on the stage. The Scotchman was such a good-humored fellow, that he was called "honest Johnny McCree." Johnny wrote four acts of a tragedy, which he showed to Mr. Garrick, who dissuaded him from finishing it, telling him that his talent did not lie that way; so Johnny abandoned his tragedy, and set about writing a comedy. When this was finished, he showed it to Mr. Garrick, who found it more exceptionable than the tragedy, and of course could not be persuaded to bring it forward on the stage. This surprised poor Johnny, and he remonstrated. "Nae, now, David," said he, "did nae you tell me that my talents did nae lie in tragedy?" "Yes," replied Garrick, "but I did not tell you that they lay in comedy." "Then," exclaimed Johnny, "gin they dinna lie there, where the deil do they lie, mon?"

THE GENEROUS MASK.

A beautiful woman, of Bordeaux, mourned for her husband, who had embarked in a vessel that was said to be shipwrecked. Many lovers, attracted by her youth and beauty, waited on her, to make her the offer of their hands, as soon as the news was confirmed that her husband had perished. The lady observed a great deal of circumspection in her conduct; however, wishing to give an answer to the offers of her lovers, she invited them to an entertainment at her house on one of the last days of the carnival. They were at play when an unknown mask disguised as a genius presented himself and sat down to play with the lady. He lost; he insisted upon playing more, and he lost again—fortune went against him ten or twelve times in succession, for he seemed to shake the dice so that they may turn up against him. Others of the players tried their fortunes with him, but they did not find their account in it. The lady sat down again, and gained an immense sum of money, which the mask seemed to lose with an air of gaiety and apparent pleasure, that astonished the spectators. Some said loud enough to be heard, that he gave away with prodigality

and did not play. The mask raising his voice said—that he was the—was the—was the genius of riches; that he cared not for them, unless he could share them with the lady;—and that he *professed* nothing that he was not willing to fulfil. As he spoke, he pulled out several purses, some filled with gold, and others with diamonds, which he placed before the lady, proposing to stake them against the most trifling sum she would choose to hazard. The lady, embarrassed by this declaration, refused to play.—They did not know what to think of this adventure—when an old lady of the company whispered to her neighbor that the mask was the devil,—and that his riches, his dress, discourse, and his abilities at play made it evident enough. The generous player heard it, and profited by it. He assumed the manner and voice of a magician—he spoke of several things that were known but to the lady herself;—he spoke several unknown languages,—performed many slight of hand tricks, and concluded by saying that he had come to demand one of the company that had been given to him; protested that she belonged to him, and that he was going to take possession of her, never more to quit her. Each one regarded the lady, who was at a loss what to think of the affair. The women trembled, the men smiled, and the *genius* continued to amuse himself. However the scene continued long enough to give them time to send for persons who began to interrogate the spirit, and were ready to exorcise; when the mask turned the whole into ridicule, with so much spirit, that the laugh was entirely on his side. At last he threw off the mask, and the scene was concluded by a cry of joy from the lady of the house. It was none else but her husband, who having gone to Spain, from thence to Peru,—where he became enriched, and returned to Bordeaux, loaded with an immense treasure. He had learned, on his arrival, that his wife intended giving an entertainment, at which he determined to be present without being known. He had assumed for that purpose the most fantastical appearance he could be present with.—The assembly composed of his relations and friends, congratulated his happy return, and left him with his happy and loving wife.

WOMEN OF INDIA.—While Britain deplores the traffic in negroes, and has abolished the slave trade, it is a fact that there are persons who actually import beautiful women to the British settlements in India, in order to sell them to the rich nabobs or Europeans who give a good price for them; but what is worse they are sometimes played for at a game of chance. The following advertisement on this subject appeared in a Daily Advertiser of the 3d Sept. 1818, a paper printed at Calcutta.

"Females Ruffed for."—Be it known, that six fair, pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging children, lately imported from Europe, having the roses of health blooming on their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable tempers, and highly accomplished, whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expression of rapture, are to be raffled for the next door to the British Gallery. Scheme, twelve tickets at 12 rupees each; the highest of three throws, doubtless takes the most fascinating."

What a specimen of Calcutta morals does this advertisement exhibit! Surely a more abominable outrage upon morality and virtue has never been heard of than this, which is openly practised in a settlement under British laws and British government!

All virtues are so united together, that he that wants one, wants all; and he that really hath one hath all.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

Lady, that voice that sweetly thrill'd
To music's most melodious tone,
When first it wak'd, my bosom fill'd
With feelings until then unknown.
Upon the silence of the night,
It rose like notes of Seraphim,
Who kneel around the Throne of light,
And offer there, their coral hymn.
Wild as the last, the fond farewell,
When love upon the warm lip breathes,
Thy song's harmonious spirit fell,
Like summer dew on summer wreaths.
The wayward stream of life may sweep
Hopes fondly cherish'd to decay;
The heart may chill, the eye may weep,
Youth's brightest dreams may fade away.
But tho' dark disappointment fling
Its gloomy shades upon the heart,
The memory of that strain shall cling,
Till death each fibre rends apart.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

Miss Polly Dolly Adeline
Amelia Agnes Low,
Was none of nature's journeymen's
Unchissell'd work, I trow.
Her forehead was as smooth as glass,
Her mouth was a straight line,
And her eyes stood out as visibly
As letters on a sign.
The "Venus of the Capitol"
Was taller than Miss Low,
But then Miss Low's diameter
Made up for it you know;
And though she was the 'mould of form,'
And wore unrivall'd shoes,
Her waist was not invisible,
And her feet were "made to use."
'Twas said Miss Polly Dolly Low
Was waiting to disclaim
The last sweet monosyllable
Of her romantic name;
And every Sunday evening
She comb'd her golden hair,
And at the window, pensively,
Sat "sighing to the air."
And Cupid, little rogue! was kind,
That often is so cruel,
And to Miss Polly Dolly's flame
He sent a stick of fuel—
A tall and handsome man was he,
The reigning village beau,
That made his bow one evening
To Polly Dolly Low.
He took a chair and sidled up,
And said "I guess as how
You think, Miss Polly Adeline,
I've come to court you now."
"I know'd it," said the overcome
Miss Polly, "long ago"—
And on his neck she hung herself—
Affectionate Miss Low!
And then got up quite out of breath,
Young Ebenezer Stout,
And spoke again—"I guess as how
You didn't hear me out—
I thank you kindly for your kiss,
But I am not your beau:
'Twas brother Jacky wanted you!
Miss Polly Dolly Low."

BIOGRAPHY

GENERAL WAYNE.

Anthony Wayne, major general of the army of the United States, was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, 1745. In 1773 he was appointed a representative to the general assembly, where, in conjunction with John Dickinson, Thomas Mifflin, Charles Thompson, and other gentlemen, he took an active part in opposition to the claims of Great Britain. In 1775 he quitted the councils of his country for the field. He entered the army as a colonel, and at the close of the year accompanied general Thompson to Canada. When this officer was defeated in his expedition against the Three Rivers in June 1776, he

himself received a flesh wound in the leg.—His exertions in the retreat were useful. In the same year he served at Ticonderoga, under general Gates, by whom he was esteemed both for his courage and military talents, and for his knowledge as an engineer. At the close of the campaign he was made a brigadier general. In the campaign of 1777, in the middle states he took a very active part. In the battle of Brandywine he distinguished himself, though he was in a few days afterwards surprised and defeated by major general Grey. He fought also in the battle of Germantown, as well as in the battle of Monmouth in June, 1778. In his most daring and successful assault upon Stony Point, in May, 1779, while he was rushing forward with his men under a tremendous fire of musketry and grape shot, determined to carry the works at the point of the bayonet, he was struck by a musket ball upon his head. He was for a moment stunned; but as soon as he was able to rise so as to rest on his knee, believing that the wound was mortal, he cried out to one of his aids, "carry me forward, and let me die in the fort." When he entered it, he gave orders to stop the effusion of blood. In 1781 he was ordered to march with the Pennsylvania line from the northward, and form a junction with Lafayette in Virginia. On the sixth of July, after receiving information that the main body of the enemy under Cornwallis had crossed James' river, he pressed forward at the head of eight hundred men to attack the rear guard. But to his utter astonishment, when he reached the place, he found the whole British army, consisting of four thousand men, drawn up ready to receive him. At this moment he conceived but one way to escape.

He rushed toward the enemy till he came within twenty-five yards, when he commenced a gallant attack, which he supported for a few minutes, and then retreated with the utmost expedition.—The British general was confounded by this movement, and apprehensive of an ambuscade from Lafayette, would not allow of a pursuit. After the capture of Cornwallis, he was sent to conduct the war in Georgia, where with equal success he contended with British soldiers, Indian savages, and American traitors. As a reward for his services, the legislature of Georgia presented him with a valuable farm. At the conclusion of the war he retired to private life. In 1787 he was a member of the Pennsylvania convention which ratified the constitution of the United States. In 1792 he succeeded St. Clair in the command of the army to be employed against the Indians. In the battle of Miamis, August 20, 1794, he gained a complete victory over the enemy; and afterwards desolated their country. On the third of August, 1796, he concluded a treaty with the hostile Indians northwest of the Ohio. While in the service of his country he died in a hut at Presque Isle, aged about fifty one years, and was buried on the shore of Lake Erie.

SUCCESSFUL DEVICE.—In the late war of the Peninsula, the peasantry who lived on the "line of march," were much harassed by the troops, who, at their arrival at a village, immediately put their poultry in requisition. At length, as soon as the drum was heard, the brood hens and reverend ganders were locked up in the chests and closets, where, being in the dark, they kept silent, and the inquirers were informed that the last party had eaten the whole. This device succeeded for a time, but one day an old campaigner of the German legion, carried a live duck from his panniers, into a farm-house, and pinched him until he extorted the usual "quack, quack." The result was a simultaneous reply from all the

boxes and cupboards in the room; and to the utter despair of all the Spanish farmers, in 3 weeks the test was general through the army.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Dream of Love," selected by a distant friend, is received—but the article has been so often published in this city and elsewhere, that we question whether all of our subscribers have not already seen it. Our thanks, however, are due to him for his kindness. The other selection will be found below.

SONG.—FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SOUVENIR.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! pretty one stay,
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay,
With me shall no mischief betide thee;
No harm would I do thee, no toeman is here,
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.
Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will roam,
List! List! to their cry and bewailing!
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom,
Then Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home.
Hark! hark! to thy children's bewailing.
Fly back again, back again, Lady-bird dear,
Thy neighbors will merrily welcome thee here,
With them shall no peril attend thee;
They'll guard thee so safely from danger and care,
They'll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair,
They'll love thee, and ever befriend thee.

CASABIANCA.—By Mrs. HEMANS.

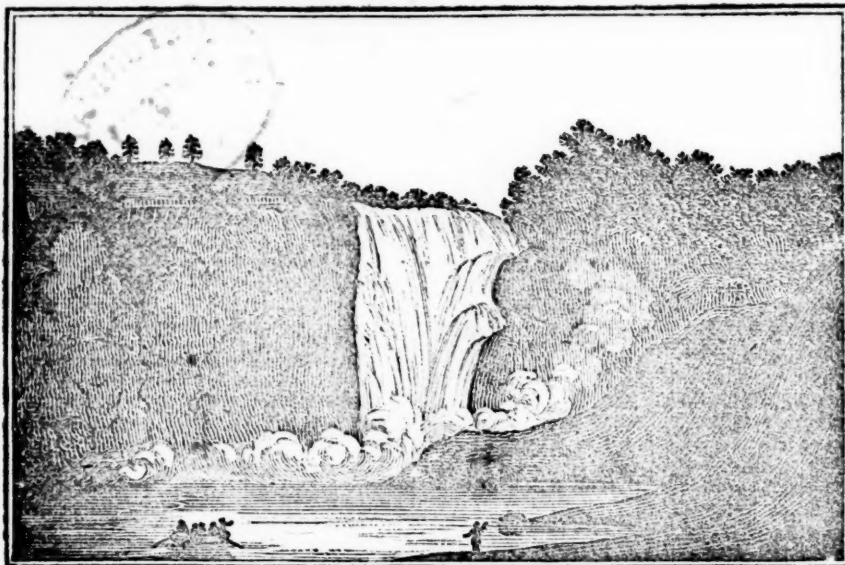
Young Casabianca, a boy about 13 years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.
The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
The father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He call'd aloud—"say, Father, say,
'If yet my task is done?'"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.
"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone!'"
And—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.
And shouted but once more aloud,
'My father! must I stay?'"
While o'er him fast, through sail and chord,
The wreathing fires made way.
They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.
There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

External pomp and visible success
Sometimes contribute to our happiness;
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conscience and a soul resigned.

EPITAPH.

Ne'er to the tombs where all the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.



FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

Altho' Quebec is a stirring seaport, with money circulating in great plenty, and strangers thronging into it every day; yet it is not in the least famous for its encouragement of public amusements. The smallness of its population may account for the neglect of these. My time, therefore, beginning to grow tedious, I proposed an excursion to the falls of Montmorenci, to which the gentleman whom I before mentioned desired to bear me company. The weather in this northern climate was already beginning to grow intensely cold. Incessant rains had been falling for the last five weeks, which changed by reason of the cold into sleet and snow. The collections of water about the streets were frozen half an inch in thickness, and snow whitened the tops of the neighboring mountains. On the morning of Thursday we started, and were so fortunate as to see the sun rising in the horizon without a cloud.

A lengthy bridge crosses St. Charles' river, which, when the tide recedes, is but a narrow stream, and when the tide has attained its full height, looks as wide as the St. Lawrence itself. As we passed over it, the tide was out; large ships lay scattered over the dry beach, and carts were driving upon the occasional roads thus afforded. The whole distance hence to Montmorenci, (eight miles) is one continued street of little one storied houses, built and arranged exactly similarly to those spoken of, in the upper parts of the province. This is called the village of Beauport. As it is situated at some height upon the gradual slope of the land towards the St. Lawrence, a view is obtained from any part of the village, of Quebec, the harbor, the course of the river, and the island of Orleans.

We were treated with the greatest affability and courtesy by the Canadians, into whose dwellings we made excuses every little while to peep. Their arrangements are remarkably neat and economical. Before we reached the celebrated cataract, the sky became of a sudden overcast, and a heavy shower of snow in small round globules commenced falling. But it ceased in a little time, and the remainder of the day, with the exception of a violent north-west blow, was extraordinary clear and pleasant.

Crossing over a toll-bridge above the falls, we had the curiosity to creep under the banks, which rise sixty feet on each side, to the verge of the precipice, in order first to survey the

immense abyss into which the river dashes. The rains had swollen the current of Montmorenci to a great height; the clay and impurities of the soil being washed down the banks, imparted a deep crimson tinge to the water, which, breaking into foam against the rocks, presented very pleasing appearances. In the middle of the stream, rocks project like a small island just above the precipice.

We descended the high and steep bank of the river St. Lawrence, which is divided into two channels at this place by the Isle of Orleans; and walking on the beach around the point of the gulf or cove, which the Montmorenci has in the course of time scooped into the land, we came full in sight of the majestic sheet of water, dashing, roaring, foaming from its giddy height down to the level where we stood. The falls of Montmorenci exceed Niagara nearly by one hundred feet, and are the highest in North America. Falling over the rough face of the precipice, which runs in a strait line from side to side of the cove, and furiously boiling from the beginning of its leap to the bottom, it emits a thin ethereal spray from its whole confused surface, and fills the broad gulf with rolling volumes of mist. High upon the edge of the cliffs on the left, an aqueduct carries a small portion of the stream along the mountain, to the wheels of a large establishment for sawing timber. The fissures of the rock break into the bank, and the aqueduct is supported over them by wooden props. Higher than the aqueduct, great forest trees tremble on the verge of the gulf, appearing from below like diminutive shrubs. We contemplated the striking scene with silent wonder for several minutes, and then endeavored to advance nearer the foot of this tremendous cataract.

The composition of the rocks around the place where we stood, is a stratified fetid limestone, operated upon by the weather in such a manner as to crumble into fine scales and dust, which slide continually down, and assume (with the exception of colour, which is black) the appearance of soft sandy banks. The wind blew fiercely against the crumbled sides of the hills, and carried showers of dust and large pieces of stone with great velocity directly into our faces. Providing ourselves in the best manner possible against this inconvenience, we rushed forward to a great black rock, which hides behind it part of the bottom of the falls, and forms the point of

what may be called the inner cove. Spray hovers over this rock, and pours constant rains upon its glistening, yet rugged top. The sun was behind us. Our eyes were almost blinded with the brilliant and transparent rainbows, which were complete circles, ourselves the centre, increasing or diminishing in diameter, according to our distance from objects in front. Ascending the rock with some danger of falling, and getting ourselves drenching wet, we clambered over it on our hands and feet into the inner cove.

Now secluded amidst fearful crags, shut from the rest of mankind by surrounding and overhanging rocks and the dense clouds of the roaring water-fall, a sensation of pleasing awe, and admiration of that great Cause whose works confound the judgments of erring man, spreads over our minds, and raises in our imagination, thoughts which no words can describe. Whilst my companion was closely engaged in drawing a view of the falls from this position, I endeavored to express some idea of the grand scene in the exalted strains of poetry, in which, however, I was far from doing justice to the sublimity of the scene. Volumes of mist dart from the foot of the cataract, like the wheels of chariots flying in succession, and bounding, as they roll to a distance, slowly rise upon the atmosphere and meet the incumbent clouds of the heavens. At intervals the spray flies into the inner cove, and as if by magic power, it casts a spell of enchantment before our vision, in the dazzling circles of the bow. A whirlpool revolves beneath our feet, boiling and bubbling in constant agitation, and carrying around floating logs and bushes which chance only removes from their revolutions.

With great exertion, and no small degree of danger from the stones driven over the precipice by the wind, and from one of which my comrade received a violent blow on the shoulder, we followed the rivulet which originally formed the inner cove, and climbing through narrow crevices where it disappears from sight, we regained once more the top of the heights of Montmorenci. We remained till late in the afternoon, rambling about the falls, walking to objects worthy of attention in the vicinity; and to Loretto, an Indian village, not far distant, but of which nothing peculiar can be said; and then returned under the rays of a bright full moon to the city of Quebec. The industrious Canadians were seizing the opportunity of good weather, and actually ploughing until a very late hour, by means of the brilliant light which the moon afforded.

From the New York Spy.

The following ballad, written by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. and sung by Miss Kelly, has just been issued from the press; and we cheerfully recommend it, both for its sweetness and simplicity. It is entitled

"THE LOST HEART."

Oh, yes! oh, yes! has any one found
A heart that a lady has lost?
Whoever returns it unbroken and sound,
Shall be handsomely paid for their cost.

The lady who lost it is sadly distressed,
Her eyes are with weeping all swol'n;
When first it was miss'd, she can't tell in the least,
But she's reason to think it was stol'n.

Oh, yes! she thinks that the thief is a youth,
Who slyly attentions had shown her;
Whoever it is may well tell the truth,
For it's only of use to the owner.

And why he's so backward in showing his face
She thinks it exceedingly strange;
And she begs that he will either her heart replace,
Or else give her his in exchange.

He who bears and forbears, will always be a valuable member of society, whatever may be his situation in life.